A NEW

CURE FOR THE SPLEEN:

BEING

A Collection of Advertiſements, Humorous, Numerous, Curious, Farcical, Satirical, Entertaining, and Diverting.

Intended for the Amuſement of

THE FIRE SIDE.

Many of which were never before printed.

To which are added,

Chriſtmas-Day Entertainment; a very remarkable Letter of Invitation from a Clergyman; and a Poetical Deſcription of a Buſy World.

By A. G. LOVEFUN,
Late of CAREY-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

LONDON:

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[Price ONE SHILLING.]

To the DEVIL.*

A Friend to whom I ſhewed the MS. before I had the honour of laying the whole before your Begrimed Majeſty, very juſtly obſerved, that he ſaw no dedication; and was of opinion, that any thing printed in the form of a book, was, indeed, very imperfect without ſuch dedication, and ſhewed a very great neglect, unpardonable in an author. In vain did I plead, that I did not look on myſelf as an author, for what makes the generality of authors write, is,

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* That my fair countrywomen may not be alarmed, by the Devil is meant the printer's boy, whoſe ſable appearance in his profeſſion or trade, has entailed on him, for ages paſt, the name uſually given to the Prince of Darkneſs, whoſe abode is ſaid to be in the Infernal Regions.

The want of gold-duſt, and, faith, ſometime ſpite;
But laughter only made me attempt to write.

It would not do—I could not appeaſe him —A dedication it muſt have. Then aroſe the greateſt difficulty imaginable within me, as I was entirely at a loſs for a protector. Neither could I bring myſelf to follow the baſe way of writing dedications, and filling up of pages with flattery, fawning, and lying; *in quantum*, according to the patron's generoſity. For which reaſons, after a pauſe of ſome few moments, I told him, if it muſt have a dedication, I had juſt hit upon a patron, and without further ceremony named Your Inky Highneſs, which ſo ſhocked my friend, that he was making a precipitate retreat, abſolutely thinking I meant to raiſe the devil, to beg his protection for the work. But faſtening the door on him, I obliged him to wait, though not without trembling

with

with fear and dread, till I had paſt word for your good behaviour, and aſſured him, that of all devils (if there was more than one ſort) Your Swarthy Highneſs was the moſt inoffenſive: at which aſſurance he became eaſy, and afterwards laughed at the thought. I further aſſured him, that this was not the firſt time Your Sable Mightineſs was addreſſed, and that I looked upon you as a *perſon* of conſequence, and Protector General, always at the ſervice of thoſe who, inſtead of flattery, &c. would addreſs Your Moor-like Honour with ſome ſtrong beer; which, be aſſured Mr. Devil, as I expect great matters from you, I have given the proper directions for; and all the generoſity I ſhall hope from Your Highneſs, is, to find the following ſheets worked off neat and clean, and every page free from the marks of foul fingers, which, from the dirty work that forms your daily labour, is, I own, a little to be feared: but

the cleaner I find the performance, the leſs I ſhall heſitate to be,

Good Mr. Devil,

Your Highneſs's,

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble Admirer,

A. G. L.

To

To thoſe who ſhall be at the Pains to read it.

IF, upon peruſal of the ſubſequent ſheets, the courteous reader ſhould therein meet with any article that may amuſe his fancy, rouſe his ſpirit, or cauſe a ſmile, my end will be more than ſufficiently anſwered, that being the whole and ſole amount of my real wiſh or deſire.

Notwithſtanding thoſe who move in the higher orbs of life, have the advantage of balls, operas, Pantheon, plays, &c. &c. &c. and may therefore think they do not ſtand in need of any thing of this kind to move their muſcles; yet it is preſumed that even thoſe, eſpecially during the friſeur's tedious operation, may herein find a ſeaſonable relief under ſuch unavoidable circum-

circumſtances. And when it is conſidered that there are numbers whoſe diſtance from the polite circles of pleaſure and mirth, or whoſe ſituation in life prevent their entering therein, an attempt to divert part of the leiſure hours of ſuch, cannot but prove acceptable.

If therefore the following humorous and numerous advertiſements, &c. ſhould any way promote or help that grand object, it is hoped a generous Public will not think the price too much, to recompenſe the intent of

The Author.

A new

A new Method of reading Newſpapers croſswiſe.

Yeſterday the ſword of ſtate was carried—
Before the ſitting alderman, and committed to the compter.

This morning the Counteſs Dowager of Powis—
Married Mr. Twiſt, an eminent maſter taylor.

Laſt week Lord Edward Bentick ſet out for France—
Charged with returning from tranſportation.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of 90 pounds—
Was committed by Sir John Fielding to Bridewell.

Wants a place to wait on a lady—
A very uſeful mare, miſtreſs of fourteen ſtone.

To be diſpoſed of by private contract—
A young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

To be let and entered on immediately—
A young lady juſt come out of the country.

Yeſterday the new lord mayor was ſworn in—
And much admired by the nobility and gentry.

Laſt night the young princeſs was baptized—
Mary, alias Moll Flanders, alias Moll Gipſey.

This morning will be married the Right Hon. Lord—
And afterwards hung in chains near the ſpot.

He was carried to the Public Office, Litchfield-ſtreet—
And not any queſtions aſked.

Whereas a threatening letter was dropped laſt night—
By order of the commiſſioners for paving.

Dr. Cadogan's warranted cure for the gout—
" If yow du not pote fifte powns in a ſartin plas."

Yeſterday the Right Honourable the Speaker—
Was convicted of keeping a diſorderly houſe.

The King of France has wrote to our court—
An infallible remedy for the ſtone or gravel.

To be ſold to the beſt bidder—
In the room of their late member, made a peer.

Whereas the ſaid barns and ſtables were ſet on fire—
Effects of Dominecetti's ſweating vaporary.

This day the king will go in ſtate to—
The great joy of that noble family.

Tueſday a poor blind man fell into a ſaw-pit—
When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him.

Lord Peterſham took his ſeat in the houſe of—
From the iſland of Java, the grand Caſſowar, it has the head of a lion.

His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's—
Was bound over to his good behaviour.

The executors of the late Dr. Rock continue—
Pray ſtop them and the party.

'Tis ſaid a great oppoſition is intended,—
At the horſe infirmary, Knightſbridge.

Friday a poor woman was taken in labour—
The contents are not yet poſitively known.

To be diſpoſed of greatly under prime coſt,—
☞ A grand maſquerade at Carliſle Houſe.

Laſt night a moſt dreadful fire broke out—
At a full meeting of the court of aldermen.

'Tis ſaid a change in the law department will take place—
There is more need for this caution than honeſt people are aware of.

I have long laboured under that dreadful complaint—
For ready money only.

Lately came out of the country—
Free-Maſon's Hall, Great Queen-ſtreet.

Colds caught at this ſeaſon of the year—
Delivered, carriage free, in London or Weſtminſter.

Yeſterday

Breſlaw and his Italian company are juſt arrived from—
An houſe-keeper to an elderly gentleman.

Yeſterday the Right Hon. Lord North—
Fell off the ſhafts, and the wheel went over him.

His Majeſty's principal ſecretary of ſtate—
To be had price three ſhillings bound.

Removed to Iſlington for the benefit of the air—
The city of London.

The ESSEX JOURNAL.

Saturday, Jan. 31, 1778.

From the Great Pond, Tylney Park, Jan. 24.

Laſt week an amazing fail of ducks paſſed by this place, after a ſtout reſiſtance from ſome boys at play, who flung ſtones at them. They at laſt landed at the ſtable door, where they foraged with ſome ſucceſs. While they were upon this grand expedition, a ſpiteful turkey cock made a violent attack on a maid ſervant in a red petticoat, and forced her to retreat in great confuſion. The day being for the moſt part rainy, they ſet ſail again and took a great number of frogs priſoners.

This day arrived, after a diſagreeable journey, the roads being bad, the par-

ſon's wife. Several ducks were brought before her in order to be tried; but what crime is alledged againſt them we are at a loſs to know or gueſs. After a trial, which laſted ſeveral hours, five of the largeſt and moſt fat were caſt for death. Before the court adjourned the beforementioned judge paſſed ſentence of death upon two goſlings and one ſucking pig.

From the Great Houſe.

Jan. 26.

Laſt week there was a moſt noble entertainment in this houſe, when were preſent ſeveral country gentlemen, particularly the parſon and the farmer. The parſon eat like a farmer in every reſpect, and the farmer eat like a parſon.

Note. It would be a curious calculation for Dr. Price, to decide who eat moſt.

From the Garden.

Jan. 25.

The hogs have done conſiderable miſchief within this week paſt in and about theſe parts, to ſuch an amazing degree, that not a turnip, cabbage, or potatoe could reſt in their beds. Two days ago a number of them were taken and committed to their ſtyes: yeſterday came on their trial, when they were all found guilty, and ſentenced to have a heavy wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noſes bored, and horſe nails thruſt through them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch deteſtable practices.

From the new-built Hen-Houſe.

Jan. 27.

About five days ago we were moſt dreadfully alarmed by the ſudden appearance of a kite, who threatened every mi-

nute to fall upon us and our numerous army; he made a number of motions as if he intended to attack our left wing, which ſheltered our infantry. We were affrighted at his near approach, but on recovering a little we muſtered all our forces: the cook-wench came to our aſſiſtance, and very ſeaſonably as we thought, but we were not long before we were convinced to our ſorrow, that the treacherous ſlut had betrayed us, and was in the intereſt of the beforementioned kite; for ſhe immediately twiſted round the necks of three of our moſt experienced officers, and ſtripped them naked to the ſkin. A dozen of inferior officers were committed cloſe priſoners, and denied even an interview with friends and relations, in order to be ſold for galley-ſlaves at the firſt market-place.

From

From the Back Yard.

Jan. 29.

It is currently reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the Ginger Cock and the Blue Hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together. Yeſterday he made her a very rich preſent of ſeveral barley corns; ſo that the whole town look on this match as concluded upon. He is the ſame cock that fought for her a few months ago at Harley's, the Buſh, near the Park gate, in which battle he very nearly killed his antagoniſt.

From the Church.

The Church having been newly repaired and beautified, is opened, and has been ſo for ſome time paſt; divine ſervice is

continued as formerly, though we ſeldom have it crowded with the company of any of the neighbouring gentry, from whoſe manner of living it is generally believed, that the intelligences of this place are not credited, or regarded as matter of little or no moment.

With reſpect to the ſtocks we have nothing very intereſting or remarkable, except that two old offenders, Frank Holmes and Jack Preſton, were ſet in them laſt market day for prophane ſwearing, as an example to the riſing generation.

Accidents.

In the courſe of this laſt week a number of accidents have happened, and the bills of mortality are very conſiderably increaſed. There

There have been ſmothered in onions eleven rabbits; ſtarved to death two baſtard children, nurſed at the charge of the pariſh; died of the falling ſickneſs, five ſtumbling horſes; of a ſore throat, at the butcher's, ſeveral ſheep; ſtifled in the breeches of a ſoldier in the guards, two goſlings; ſtill born in eggs of geeſe, turkies, ducks and hens, forty-nine; of wind in the bowels, eleven bottles of ale and cyder; drowned, twenty-five puppies and thirteen kittens.

We hear from town, that the new lord mayor's coachman employed half a dozen city porters laſt week to aſſiſt him in greaſing the wheels of the ſtate coach, when the whole was compleatly performed before dark. Next day the new ſet of fine long tail blacks were obliged to undergo the operation of having their ſhoes removed

moved and their feet pared, and it is feared that one of theſe beautiful creatures will be laid up, having caught a ſevere cold during his ſtay at the doctor's forge.

The ſame correſpondent informs us, that it is not long ſince the audience of Drury-Lane theatre were highly entertained with the appearance of Sir John St. A——l's in one of the ſide boxes, kiſſing and playing with the bubbies of a moſt beautiful nymph from King's Place Court; the next day we hear the ungenerous rogue, at the inſtance of Lady Waterwagtail, his enraged mother, iſſued a writ againſt her to recover back the preſent he gave her, under pretence of not knowing what he had been about.

We hear further, that on the laſt ſettling day at the Stock Exchange, ſeven lame

lame ducks, very unexpectedly indeed, waddled off; and we are exceedingly ſorry to add, that it is reported five and twenty poor families are utterly ruined by the above unfortunate affair.

Another correſpondent informs us, that yeſterday died, after a long and lingering illneſs, at his country ſeat, near the Three Hats, Iſlington, univerſally lamented by all thoſe who wear narrow-pointed ſhoes, Mr. Samuel Cheat'em, a very eminent and able corn-cutter, well known in the polite circle for his moſt excellent corn-ſalve.

By a gentleman of conſequence from town we hear, a new ſubſcription is now opened at the London Tavern, for the purpoſe of bringing the pure ſweet air from

from the neighbouring villages to the city and ſuburbs, in order to reduce the price of the health-reſtoring vapour baths, advertiſed by Dr. Domini-ſweat-ye, at Chelſea.

We hear, laſt Wedneſday was married at St. Peter's, Cornhill, Miſs Fondlewiſe, only daughter of Alderman Fondlewife, to Charles Saunders, Eſq; an eminent ſoap-boiler, and colonel in the city trainbands.

Our correſpondent in London acquaints us, laſt Thurſday the Right Hon. Timothy Sillyman, ſecretary of ſtate for the ſouthern department, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry, at his houſe in Knaves acre. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir Samuel Hog and Lady Diana Rough-head.

We

We are juſt informed, there is a marriage ſhortly to be had and ſolemnized between Mr. Alderman Small-cock and Miſs Harriot Hair-ſtones, a young lady of great fortune, and every other requiſite neceſſary to render the marriage ſtate truly happy.

By the laſt letters from America we are informed, that Capt. Littlefear has been tried and broke by a court-martial for cowardice.

We hear that Edward Weſt, Eſq; will be elected preſident of the directors of the Eaſt-India Company for the enſuing year.

It is reported, that Commodore North will be ſent with a ſquadron into the South-Sea.

Captains

Captains Eaſt and South are appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty commanders of two frigates, to ſail on the diſcovery of the North-weſt paſſage.

We hear from Bath, that on Monday laſt a duel was fought on Lanſdown by Colonel Sparrow and David Hawk, Eſq; in which the latter was mortally wounded.

Yeſterday evening Sir William Summer, Bart. lay dangerouſly ill at his houſe in Spring-Garden: he is attended by Dr. Winter, but there are no hopes of his recovery.

Laſt week Mr. Stephen Fog, teacher of the mathematics in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow Fairweather of Puddle-dock.

Thurſday

Thurſday evening laſt William Henry Froſt, an eminent dealer in gun-powder, died at his houſe on Snow-hill, of a high fever, caught by overheating himſelf in walking for a wager from No-man's Land to the World's End.

Friday laſt ended the aſſizes at Chelmsford, when the following perſons received ſentence of death. Leonard Lamb, for the murder of Julius Wolf; and Henry Grave for robbing and aſſaulting Dr. Death, whereby the ſaid Death was put in fear of his life. Giles Goſling, for defrauding Simon Fox of ſix guineas and his watch, by ſubtle craft, to work on the Thames for ſeven years; and David Drinkwater was ordered to be ſet in the Stocks, as an habitual drunkard. The trial of Francis Green, of Illford, for a rape on the body of Flora White, a Mulatto, was

put off till next ſeſſions, on account of the abſence of two material evidences, viz. Sarah Brown, clear-ſtarcher of Stratford, and Anthony Black, ſcarlet-dyer, of Spital-fields.

Ship News.

Arrived laſt night in the Strand from the Lock, the Peggy Rover, and Jenny Spendall, two prime ſailers. They had been ſtationed on ſalivation ſervice near four months, and are now both going on a *Guinea* cruize.

The Sally Martin, and Mary Fleece'em, two privateers, are ordered into St. Thomas's Dock, to be repaired with all ſpeed, and after to proceed to Mother Harrington's, at Charing Croſs, on a new expedition.

The

The Kitty Fainlove, from Bartholomew's Bay, a moſt excellent veſſel, is gone on a trading voyage to Marybone.

The Lady Frances Saveall, having performed quarantine, is gone round to the City-Road to diſcharge her loading.

The Charming Nancy Sly, ſtruck on a rock at Haddocks's, and very much damaged her rudder laſt Tueſday night.

Advertiſements.

An honourable poſt to be diſpoſed of, for no leſs a ſum of money than five thouſand pounds, and to prevent trouble, none but thoſe whoſe character will bear a ſtrict enquiry will be treated with.

Enquire or direct a line to Lord Thomas Periwinkle, at the Smyrna, Pall-Mall.

Lady Betty Conſtant's Perfume.

Which takes off every wrinkle in the face; it never fails to make the ugliest face ſmooth and delicate. A nymph at Mother Henderſon's, near Pall-Mall, on uſing it once, raiſed her price three guineas. And a maiden lady of fifty-ſix, uſing it only half a dozen times, was yeſterday married to the Right Hon. Lord Bauble, a very rich young nobleman, of only twenty-ſeven years of age.

To be had at the Perfume-ſhop in the Strand.

Muſt be Sold,

The owner being a bankrupt, a vote for a member of ——— for the borough of Guzzledown, at the next general election. To prevent unneceſſary trouble, the loweſt price is fixed at ſixty guineas.

Loſt

Loſt

In the dark walk at Vauxhall, on Saturday, the 6th inſtant, two female reputations: one of them had a ſmall ſpot, occaſioned by ſome dirt thrown upon it laſt week in the road to Ranelagh; the other not in the leaſt ſoiled, whoever will bring them to the owners, next the coffee-houſe in Saffron Alley, ſhall receive five guineas reward with thanks.

Dropped

On Wedneſday evening laſt, from a lady's tongue in the right-hand ſtage box, at Covent-Garden Play-houſe, ſeven ſevere innuendos concerning Lady Minikin; nine bitter reflections on the Dutcheſs of Wou'dbe; ſome abuſe on Miſs Sophia Titup; a panegyric on Lady Babb Lar-

doon's beauty; three ſmall oaths, and a great lie about Spaniſh paint.

If any of the above articles ſhould be offered to be pawned or retailed about St. James's, or elſewhere, or repeated by any one who overheard them, pray ſtop them, and give notice to Mr. Chance, at the Lottery-Office in Pall-Mall, and you ſhall have a genteel reward for the whole, or part.

The members correſponding with the incorporated ſociety in Dublin, for propagating the human ſpecies in every part of the world, are deſired to obſerve and take notice, that a general quarterly meeting of their *ſtanding* committee, will be held at the *thatched houſe under the hill*, on Monday next, at ten o'clock preciſely.

Now ſelling off at Prime Coſt.

The remaining ſtock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off buſineſs, and retiring to a b—p—k; conſiſting of a compleat ſet of manuſcript ſermons for the whole year, with faſts and feſtivals, including a deification of King Charles for the 30th of January; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the ſins of the whole nation deſcribed, in a diſcourſe fit for the next ſolemn faſt; charity, acceſſion, antigallican, and ſmall-pox ſermons, ſome half finiſhed tracts againſt the Athanaſian creed, the marriage act, and the 39 articles, with many other valuable pieces. The whole to be viewed to the time of ſale, which will begin at 12 o'clock.

N. B. Likewiſe will be ſold the Doctor's curious reading deſk, in which is a contrivance for keeping his new cribbage-board, tinder-box and bible.

To be ſold cheap.

A moſt curious family bible, with cuts, beautifully printed on royal paper, the preſent owner having no further uſe for it.

Apply to Lord George Gingerbread, Cleveland Row, or any other part of St. James's.

N. B. It is in fine preſervation, having been very little uſed.

Stolen or Strayed

From Miſs Potter's lace ſhop, in Jermyn-ſtreet, a ſmall filly, coming 18 this grais. She has a black ſpot juſt under her right eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She

She had been a conſiderable time in training for an officer of rank in the guards, and is ſuppoſed to have been rode away with by one of the judges' clerks on the northern circuit.

Whoever will bring her to Miſs Potter's as above, ſhall have half a guinea reward and no queſtions asked.

Advertiſement.

Rat-tattoo, late a drummer from America, having duly and truly, juſtly and faithfully, ſince his arrival in England, ſerved and aſſiſted as a lighter of funerals, now takes the liberty to offer himſelf, on account of people of faſhion not dying faſt enough to ſupport him, as a footman to light away any lady, which he can do to the greateſt advantage, either behind a carriage, or before a chair. He is perfectly

fectly maſter of the genteel ſcience of knocking at doors, from a beggarly tap, to the impudent thundering of a footman of quality, having ſtudied at St. James's under ſeveral very eminent maſters; he can play a number of tunes on the knocker, and hath the moſt valuable curioſities of the art. He can, if neceſſary, write cards of compliments: and, as he is exceedingly fond of onions, and an admirer of gin, he is enabled to keep more room in any of the boxes of the theatres than any unqualified ſervant in England.

He is to be heard of every day in the week at the threepenny ordinary in St. Giles's.

At the Coventry Croſs.

To be ſeen a caſt of the Goddeſs Venus, in plaſter of Paris. It is allowed to be a moſt

moſt maſterly work, is much admired by the nobility and curious, and is acknowledged to be the completeſt model of the kind in the whole univerſe.

Loſt.

Suppoſed to be ſtolen from a boarding-ſchool near Turnham Green, a beautiful young lady, aged 16, daughter of the late Earl of Froth, and heireſs to £.20,000, independent of her mother's jointure. She was obſerved to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Allemande the dancing maſter, and is ſuppoſed to have made her eſcape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but her miſtreſs's dram bottle out of the beſt china cloſet, the firſt volume of Virtue rewarded, Memoirs of a Woman of Pleaſure, and the Marriage Service torn out of the Common Prayer-book. They are ſuppoſed to be gone to Scotland.

If

If offered to be married to Mr. Allemande pray ſtop her.

Advertiſement.

A gentleman very much troubled with the vapours for ſeveral years paſt, has tried, at a very great expence, all the cupping doctors, apothecaries, &c. &c. &c. within the circle of this great town, without experiencing the leaſt effect or relief in any reſpect whatever, has, at the inſtance and requeſt of his friends in geral, reſolved to make known his caſe in this public manner, in hopes ſome one or other in this great metropolis may hit upon it.

He is married, and therefore not refuſed by the fair ſex; is neither in debt, in want, or fatigued with buſineſs; neither poet, architect, projector, chymiſt, or gameſter, but in every reſpect, as the world

world calls it, at eaſe, yet is always melancholy, crying, and out of temper; nothing can pleaſe him. He riſes at eleven, A. M. without knowing what to do with himſelf. If he goes out to walk, he ſtops ſhort and returns home again; if he goes to a play, it is too noiſy, if at home, too ſilent. Eats well, drinks little, and ſleeps leſs, is almoſt tired of this world, without being either unfortunate or ſick, except in imagination.—Whoever will undertake his cure ſhall be nobly rewarded by applying to Jacopo Del Vallone, at the coffee-houſe, oppoſite Slaughter's-hall, Whitechapel.

Loſt

Laſt night, the reputation of a milliner near Taviſtock-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, as ſhe was careleſsly converſing with an officer of the guards, concerning the price of making a dozen cambrick ſtocks. Who-

ever has found it, and will bring it to her uncle Mr. Elzevir, at the printing-office, Whitehall, ſhall receive half a guinea reward, which is nine ſhillings more than it will fetch in any ſhop in Monmouth-ſtreet.

☞ It will not be advertiſed any more, nor any greater reward offered.

To the Public.

Monſ. Le Roy Merchant, periwig-maker, hair-cutter, friſeur, and tanner of jaws, takes the liberty of informing the world, that being obliged to leave Paris, he intends to ſettle at the court end of this town, where he means to fabricate all kinds of periwigs for the nobility, military, lawyers, doctors, &c. &c. in a new and moſt exquiſite taſte. For the better ſort of citizens he has a new invention, which by the addition of a tail that takes off and on occaſionally, ſerves when on duty

duty in the militia, or to walk to the White Conduit Houſe, Iſlington, on Sundays. For the young bloods in the law, he has a curious invented periwig, whoſe tails may be put into a bag in vacation. He has alſo a kind of bobs that fit any head like a night cap, and may be worn by gentlemen when they chooſe to take their ſervants place, and mount the coach-box.

He cuts, curls, frizzles, and dreſſes hair for ladies and gentlemen, with ſo much eaſe and pleaſure, that they may even attend to a party of quadrille during his operation. And he has likewiſe a ſecret to alter the colour of red hair, which he learnt of the honourable fraternity of barber-ſurgeons at St. Omer's, in France, of which he is a member.

He will be met with at his apartments, the firſt ſtory from the ſky, the corner of St. James's-ſtreet.

Wanted

A compleat clerk immediately in a merchant's compting-houſe, that can write a good hand, he muſt be a clean decent lad, of a good ſober diſpoſition, not ſurly, as it is required he ſhould go to the door when any one knocks without grumbling; he muſt, when the groom is out of the way, clean the ſtable and take care of the horſes, and, if he underſtands French, ſo much the better; it is expected he ſhould know how to ingroſs the law hands, and clean his maſter's ſhoes, a lad being kept to black thoſe of the reſt of the family; he muſt likewiſe clean the knives and forks and lay the cloth; if he can dreſs hair he will be preferred to any other; it will not be required he ſhould rub the furniture clean, but only to go of errands when thought neceſſary; and if he can teach the children Latin it will be more agreeable. Any young man thus qualified, may meet with

with a good place by applying to Alderman Calipaſh, near the pump in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.

N. B. If he behaves well he will be entitled to a fourth of the Chriſtmas box.

Loſt,

In or about the month of November laſt, the honour, honeſty, and conſcience of a once eminent broker on the Turkey Walk, Royal Exchange. It is expected whoever has found them will bring them to the owner, Benjamino Valentia, at the Rainbow Coffee-houſe, or leave them for him at Mr. Buſhell's, Whitechapel Road.

N. B. They have been a long time out of repair, and of courſe not worth keeping by thoſe who may have found them.

☞ No reward can be offered, nor will they be advertiſed any more, the owner having been long in want of the real ointment of Peru.

To be Let

And entered on immediately, an exceſſive large coach-houſe, very fit and convenient for the holding forth in Dr. Whitfield's ſtile. Enquire for R. Brentford, Collier Row, or Stratford.

N. B. Wanted a new preacher as above. He muſt give ſecurity not to follow the old Dr. with another bag of gold, ſhould he be entruſted with one.

Advertiſement.

Mynheer Gerrard Van Shamduel, from the Hague, is juſt arrived in this city, and hath with infinite pain, labour, ſtudy and induſtry, invented, and now offers to teach for a premium of ten guineas only a very ſafe and never failing method of obtaining, with eaſe, the character of a man of honour, by confederacy, without fighting,

fighting, or by a feigned battle with powder and an artificial ball. For the great utility of this curious invention or ſecret, he appeals to thoſe who have already honoured him with their protection and encouragement: his manner of performance is perfectly ſafe and eaſy, except a palpitation of the heart, which is ſoon removed by a glaſs of orgeat, lemonade, or ſmell of hartſhorn drops.

As his project is entirely new, he is to be met with daily, when fair, from 12 to 2 in the Green Park: he is a tall, fat man, brown, wears a fierce-cock'd hat, a long broad ſword, a coat that appears to have been once brown, with buttons as broad as a ſaucer, and his hair tied up in a bag.

To the Fair Sex.

A middle-aged man, juſt turned of ſeventy, is deſirous of marrying; his eſtate

is

is a clear thouſand a year, of an eaſy temper and good conſtitution, having long loſt the follies of youth, his choice in a lady will be made by reaſon. He is a tall, genteel, perſonable man, except the loſs of a leg and an eye. The lady he wiſhes to meet with muſt be under 25 years of age, her ſhape ſlender, her perſon neat, her looks ſmiling, and her diſpoſition pleaſing; lively and ſenſible, but not too ſmart in her talk; ſhe may be a little angry at times, provided ſhe is never ſullen; ſhe muſt be polite, without affectation, at public balls and in mixed company; ſhe will not be reſtrained in her whim or fancy, as it generally makes a good wife bad. Any lady whoſe friends (not herſelf) are of opinion that ſhe is qualified, and wiſh to diſpoſe of her, may hear of a partner by directing to Sir Tinſel Tawdry, at Tawdry Hall, near Woodford, Eſſex.

*** He will not enquire into her fortune, provided her friends will aſſure him the ſame is above £. 10,000.

Advertiſement.

Loſt early in the morning of the 18th inſtant, a curious ſmall toy, ſet in the faſhion of a locket, with family hair, emboſſed on a dark enamel. If any gentleman has it in his power to reſtore it, he will, by ſo doing, lay a ſingular obligation on the owner thereof, who ſheds continual tears, and is inconſolable for the loſs of this very ſmall, but curious trifle. What adds more to the lady's deſire of obtaining it again, is, that the keeping of it carefully was ſtrongly recommended to her by her nurſe, and ſhe dares not appear among the circle of her acquaintance without it.

If the gentleman who went home with her in a hackney coach from the Pantheon took

took it in jeſt, he is hereby required to return it again privately, and not make her any longer miſerable, nor ſuffer it to be expoſed to any one, as that would greatly add to her preſent affliction.

To be ſpoke with

At the ſign of the high phaeton, in Long Acre, Signior Vita Lorenzo, native of Genoa, but late of Paris, charioteer and coach-builder. Supplies the nobility and gentry with all ſorts of carriages with any number of wheels, ſpokes, ſprings, poles, &c. &c. on a new principle, ſo as to be able to ſtep out of the carriage into any firſt floor in England without danger, accidents excepted.

Likewiſe teaches the whole art of driving with the politeſt attitudes or graces on the box, beſides the moſt favourite cracking tunes on the whip, in leſs than ſix months,

months, on the low terms of only three guineas a month, and the ſame at entrance. Humbly hopes for the encouragement of the nobility in particular, and the gentry in general, being a foreigner.

☞ Leathern conveniences made to go with or without horſes on any road or green.

*** He ſells the beſt ſort of whip-chord for the accommodating of his ſcholars only.

Chriſtmas-

Chriſtmas-Day Entertainment.

LIVING on Epping Foreſt this time twelvemonth, I had an invitation to an entertainment at the houſe of a country 'ſquire near Woodford.

When I went in, I found the largeſt room full of ladies, to every one of whom I made one of my beſt bows, and was repaid in a compleat circle of court'ſies; but whether out of reſpect to my perſon or my tambour waiſtcoat, I will not pretend to determine. After ſome neceſſary ceremony, having taken a ſeat, we had an univerſal ſilence for near a minute and an half, not unlike the meeting at a congregation of quakers, notwithſtanding the number of ladies preſent.

For

For my part, I had fixed my eyes on a curious muſical clock then chiming, conſidering within myſelf what I ſhould ſay to rouze the company. Whilſt in this ſtudy, I heard one of them whiſper to another, I believe he thinks we ſmoak tobacco, eat onions, or ſmell of anniſeeds; for you muſt know I had omitted the country faſhion (being naturally baſhful) and not kiſſed one of them.

At laſt, ſays one of them to me, Sir, it is very fine weather. Mighty fine weather indeed, Madam, replied I again to her. Says another, Vincent Wing has predicted well. Hang all almanack makers, cries a ſmart young widow, they know no more of the weather than the Pope does; marry, hang the Pope, anſwer's a jolly brandy-faced woman, with a great carbuncle upon her noſe, and an uncommon large wart juſt under her left eye: the Pope! heaven guard us from that filthy

man and all his family. Did you never read of that Popiſh Queen Mary, how ſhe made bonfires of all thoſe poor folks that would not go to her bloody maſs, and fall down on their marrow-bones to a piece of rotten pear-tree? No, no, any thing but the Pope. Boy, give me a glaſs of wine; and, d' ye hear, fill it up, for my throat is quite dry with talking. Aye, aye, quoth one that had not ſpoke before, the Pope is a hopeful one, you may read enough of him and his harlots in the Revelations.——She was juſt going to name the chapter and verſe, when up came a ſtrong country fellow, groaning under the weight of a great chine of bacon and an overgrown two years old turkey, which put an end to this curious edifying dialogue.

At dinner we had many excuſes from the 'Squire's wife for the very indifferent fare, and ſhe had as many declarations from us,

us, that all was excellent; and the 'Squire gave us the pedigree of every fowl that came to table: he aſſured us, on his honour, that his poultry had neither kindred nor allies any where on this ſide the channel, except in his own backſide.

As ſoon as we were riſen from table, our great parliament of females preſently reſolved themſelves into committees of twos and threes, &c. all over the room, and I plainly perceived that every party was upon a different ſubject.

In one corner there was a learned matron, who talked much of ſteel-waters, and I think ſhe ſaid ſomething about opening a vein in the ancle. Upon caſting my eyes that way, I ſaw the figure of a fine young lady, who ſeemed cruelly tormented with the green ſickneſs, liſtening to her with great attention.

Another knot of them were lamenting, in their way, an unfortunate young woman, but her name I could not hear. Poor unhappy wretch, cries one, ſhe fainted away at church laſt Sunday. Aye, ſays a ſecond, and well ſhe might, ſhe laces herſelf up ſo in her ſtays. And yet, anſwer'd a third, ſhe can't hide it neither. Hide it, ſays a fourth, that's impoſſible; why, ſhe has been ſqueamiſh theſe three months, and fainted the other day at the ſight of a lobſter. And yet, let me tell you, ſays the firſt, they ſay he won't marry her after all. Much more was ſaid, but all four determining to talk at once, there aroſe ſuch confuſion from all their tongues moving together, that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the reſt of this ſtory.

A detachment of the ſex, that beſieged the fire-place, were cruelly ſevere upon one Mrs. Luſty; every limb, and every feature, was faulty; every thing about her

her was odious and frightful. She, a coach! cry'd Mrs. Slender, a dung cart is more proper to carry ſo much kitchen-ſtuff; and to this, all was agreed. By which it was plain, that the greateſt offence and complaint was, this ſame coach, and which added exceedingly to the deformity of the poor unfortunate lady. I ſaw, continued the jealous Mrs. Slender, (who the reader will pleaſe to obſerve was not enabled to keep a coach) the great greaſy creature the other night at a chriſtening—but ſuch a tawdry aukward porpoiſe! well! ſhe had on bridles as thick as cable-ropes, which ſtood ſtaring a mile from her chaps, as if afraid of her fiery noſe: then again, that oily face of hers!—it ſhined with its own native liquor like a new-opened oyſter; but I'll ſwear it did not ſmell half ſo ſweet. And yet, replied another, her huſband is exceſſively fond of her.—Civil to her, you mean certainly, anſwered her next neighbour, I ſuppoſe he is oblig-

ed to put her head in a pillow-caſe; at which was a general laugh, or outcry, from this ſneering detachment.

Being by nature compaſſionate, I could not bear to hear this unmerciful treatment of poor Mrs. Luſty, and therefore withdrew to a committee of wives, who, I obſerved, were calling for a bible to decide a diſpute they had entered into, whether minced-pies, or plum-porridge, were the propereſt food on Chriſtmas-day. A devout old ſoul was againſt plum-porridge, which being a kind of broth or jelly, was, ſhe ſaid, a carnal repaſt, apt to ſtir up luſt and bad thoughts, and therefore unfit for that holy time. You cannot conceive with what eagerneſs and warmth this old abſtemious duenna was anſwered by two fine young creatures, forty or fifty years younger than herſelf. What! cried they, an unfit repaſt for that holy time! Why, it is a feſtival time, in which we not only ought

ought to be very merry ourſelves, but aſſiſt in making all others about us ſo. As for me, ſays one of this company, I hope to go to bed with a chearful and willing heart every night theſe holidays, and I hope the ſame of Mr. ———; here ſhe named her huſband. The old ſcare-crow ſmiled, and ſhook her head and ſighed, as if her great age had been her greateſt misfortune, was entering into a learned diſcourſe about huſbands, capons, lampreys, craw-fiſh, and marrow-bones; when, to my great mortification, a ſummons to the tea-table put an end to this delicious controverſy.

The ladies all marched in order to the tea parlour, and the men to another room, where the table was laid out with wine, punch, pipes, and tobacco; over which we were all diverted with the many curious remarks on the price of corn, on poultry, and the beſt method of fattening hogs.

hogs. But at laſt, being tired with the ſubject, and having ſmoaked out two pipes with attention and ſilence, I took a trip to the ladies, who had ſent to know if I ſhould like a diſh of tea. Before I went into their room I liſtened a little, to know what they were upon; and was not a little ſurprized to hear them mention my name. One ſaid I was a mere mum-chance, for that I had not ſpoke ſix dozen words ſince I came in. I ſhould have liſtened longer, had I not been jealous they might have called in queſtion my other abilities, ſo in I went. As ſoon as I entered the ſubject was changed to religion, and one who had read Woolaſton's diſcourſes againſt the miracles of Jeſus, began a diſcourſe which cauſed a terrible diviſion; my old duenna inſiſted Woolaſton ought to have been ſtoned to death for calling Chriſt a beggar, a wanderer, and a mendicant-friar, and the debate was carried on with ſo much heat, that I was thrown into the greateſt

pain imaginable, for fear the coſtly tea equipage ſhould be broke. But happily this was changed into a new diſcourſe, quite pleaſing to all the company, that was, backbiting their neighbours, and of courſe they all fell into it unanimouſly, ſo that the great fire before kindled, was by this fineſs entirely quenched, and all parties reconciled, inſomuch, that during the handling of ſcandal, there was not one diſſenting voice heard in the whole aſſembly.

By this time all the other ſex arrived from the ſmoaking-room, joined with the 'Squire's eldeſt ſon, who, to ſhew his reſpect to the company, offered to entertain them with a ſong and a tune on the harpſicord; the diſcord cauſed from the inſtrument being quite out of tune, as likewiſe ſo wretchedly fingered by this pretender to muſic, did not fail to produce a general laugh. For my part, as it is a conſtant cuſtom with me, always to conform to the rules

rules of the company I am in, I was aſhamed to be ſingular on this occaſion, ſo I even extended my mouth into a ſmile, and put my face into a laughing poſture. His mother obſerving me join the reſt of the company in a ſmile, at the coſt of her ſon, told me in my ear, that he never played ſo ſhocking bad before, even when he firſt was learning. To which I anſwered, I vow and declare, Madam, I really and ſincerely believe you; for this is exactly like the performance of a domeſtic quadrupede.

Copy of a Letter from a Clergyman of ſome Note, a Widower, with Six Children, to a Friend of his, inviting him to Supper, and to bring his Daughter, a beautiful Virgin of £.5,000 Fortune, with him.

SIR,

THERE is a volume lies in your ſtudy, in ſheets, and all who have ſeen it wonder it continues thus long unbound. It think it is called Wilſon's Epithalamium; but, leaſt I ſhould miſtake the title, I will deſcribe it to you. It is a beautiful fair manuſcript, writ with fine ſhining ink, on the whiteſt vellum imaginable; the ſtrokes of the pen are ſo delicate, as prove it was done by a maſterly hand; and there is ſuch a portion in all the parts, and the features, as it may be termed, of each letter ſo exact, as put the reader to a ſtand in admiring the beauties of them.

them. The book has an additional ornament; the initial letters and all the margins are done with gold; yet what renders it more valuable, is, that though wrote near ſeventeen years, it is not in the leaſt ſtained or ſoiled, inſomuch, that one thinks it never was turned over by any one: and there is the more reaſon to believe it, the firſt leaves being ſtill unopened. The book of itſelf does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I am informed its value is five thouſand pounds; it would be a pity ſo rare a piece ſhould be loſt; and the only way to preſerve it, is to increaſe the copies; ſo that if the author will give conſent, and you grant it a licence, I will put it to the preſs directly. I have a curious ſet of letters never uſed but in the printing of one work, and of this there were only half a dozen impreſſions; ſo that you muſt naturally think they are not the worſe for wear. On my ſide, I will ſpare no labour or charge to adorn it with the moſt lively

figures;

figures; and doubt not to make this edition as engaging in the eyes of all men, as the original is in mine, which, to be ingenuous, is so very striking and fine, that I could read it o'er and o'er both day and night with pleasure. Therefore, if you will favour me with your company this evening, and bring this admirable piece with you, it will add to the entertainment of him, who is with true respect,

Your most obedient, and

The 4th Week of the 3d Month of the Year 1778.

Most humble servant,

JO. TRUELOVE.

The POET'S CORNER.

Advertiſement Extraordinary.

TO any young man that has need of a wife,
A lady that's young and of innocent life;
In perſon genteel, in behaviour quite eaſy,
Would change her condition, and hopes ſhe may pleaſe ye.

The little acquaintance ſhe has in this town,
(For ſhe might have lovers enough, if well known)
Has forc'd her at laſt to make uſe of this paper,
That none may plead ign'rance, and ſo eſcape her.

She ventures to ſay, that ſhe don't want good breeding,
And though not a houſewife, yet far gone in reading;
Can dance well—if entreated, can ſing;
Can tell twenty riddles about a gold ring;

Beſides many ſtories of love (the ſweet paſſion)
And often regrets 'tis not more in faſhion:
Entirely averſe unto all ſordid views,
She has but one failing, that is, ſhe loves news,
And that leads to knowledge; ſo hopes you'll excuſe.

Whoever

Whoever this ſuits, e'er the lady he'll ſee,
Muſt ſend his propoſal, ſeal'd up, for Miſs Gee,
To be left at the King's-head, in Gerrard-ſtreet;
And if they're approved, then the lady will treat;

But let no young pedant, that's juſt come from ſchool,
Preſume to write to her, to make her a fool;
Such things ſhe well knows has often been done;
This is no jeſting matter—ſo none of your fun.

A Description of ——.*

I.

CHURCHES, houſes, mixt together,
Streets unpleaſant in all weather;
Priſons, palaces contiguous,
(Gate, bridges) the Thames irriguous.

II.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Outſide ſhowy, inſides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

III.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords, of laundreſſes afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and ſhoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

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* Should the reader be at a loſs, the editor will, on application, inform him of the place alluded to.

IV.

Poets, lawyers, prieſts, phyſicians,
Noble, ſimple, all conditions;
Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy, bedawb'd all over.

V.

Women, fair, black, red, and grey,
Prudes, and ſuch as never pray;
Handſome, ugly, noiſy ſtill,
Some that will not, more that will.

VI.

Many a beau without a ſhilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you ſtrike it:
This is ———, nothing more like it.

☞ The Author requeſts, that none but thoſe only, who ſhall take upon them the office of expoſing themſelves, by what the learned call criticiſm, read the following.

Rabbi Nick-Nack-Ben-Dry-Pate, otherwiſe No-brains, (or whoever elſe the reader pleaſes, if he be a very able and learned divine of the ancients) relates the following ſtory, which he ſtrongly recommends to all critics. A critic having garbled the works of an eminent author in the Eaſt, flew in great haſte to *Apollo*, to ſhew what he had done; the God ſmiling, replied, he ought to be rewarded for his pains. Wherefore, he ſet before him a large bundle of wheat, recommending him to pick every grain from the ſtraw, and di-

vide

vide his work into two parcels; which the critic with much labour, induſtry, fatigue and time, accompliſhed: after which, pleaſed with the *taſk* the God had ſet him, he had not the leaſt doubt but the grain was to be the reward of his induſtry; when, lo! to his utter aſtoniſhment and confuſion, the God recompenced him, with what do you think?—part of the ſtraw.

6 MA 50

Generous Reader,

SHOULD you have met with any errors in the foregoing pages, for mercy ſake correct them, and take care of the fatherleſs, for ſo they are, as neither the Author nor Printer will own them to be their iſſue; by which act of generoſity you will prevent their turning pedlar, and probably traveling the country round.

FINIS.